PRIVATE FLYNN

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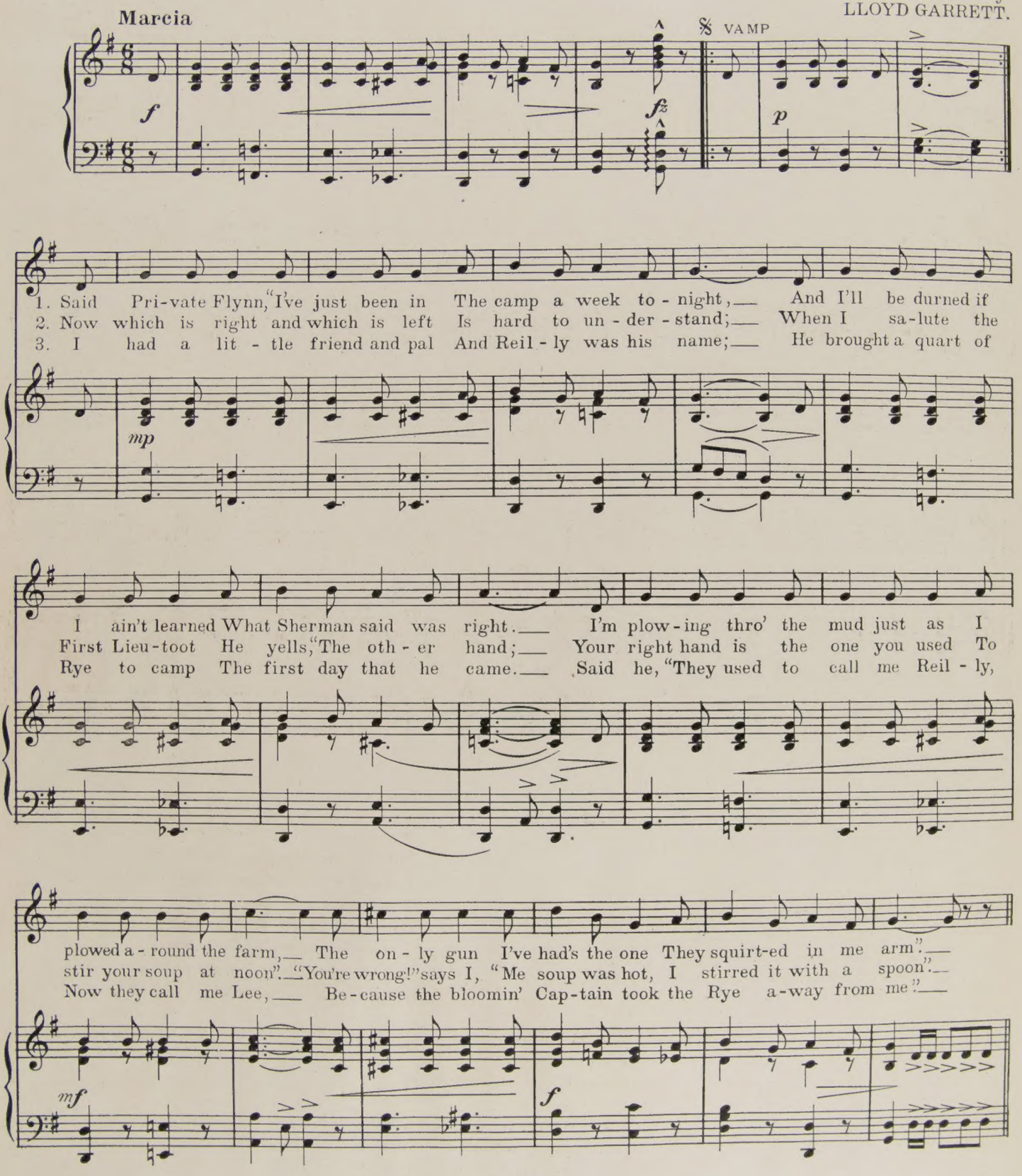
Words & Music by
LLOYD GARRETT.

Marcia
VAMP
1. Said Pri-vate Flynn, "I've just been in The camp a week to-night,— And I'll be durned if I ain't learned What Sherman said was right.— I'm plow-ing thro' the mud just as I plowed a-round the farm,— The on-ly gun I've had's the one They squirt-ed in me arm."—
2. Now which is right and which is left Is hard to un-der-stand;— When I sa-lute the First Lieu-toot He yells, "The oth-er hand;— Your right hand is the one you used To stir your soup at noon".—"You're wrong!" says I, "Me soup was hot, I stirred it with a spoon".—
3. I had a lit-tle friend and pal And Reil-ly was his name;— He brought a quart of Rye to camp The first day that he came.— Said he, "They used to call me Reil-ly, Now they call me Lee,— Be-cause the bloomin' Cap-tain took the Rye a-way from me".—

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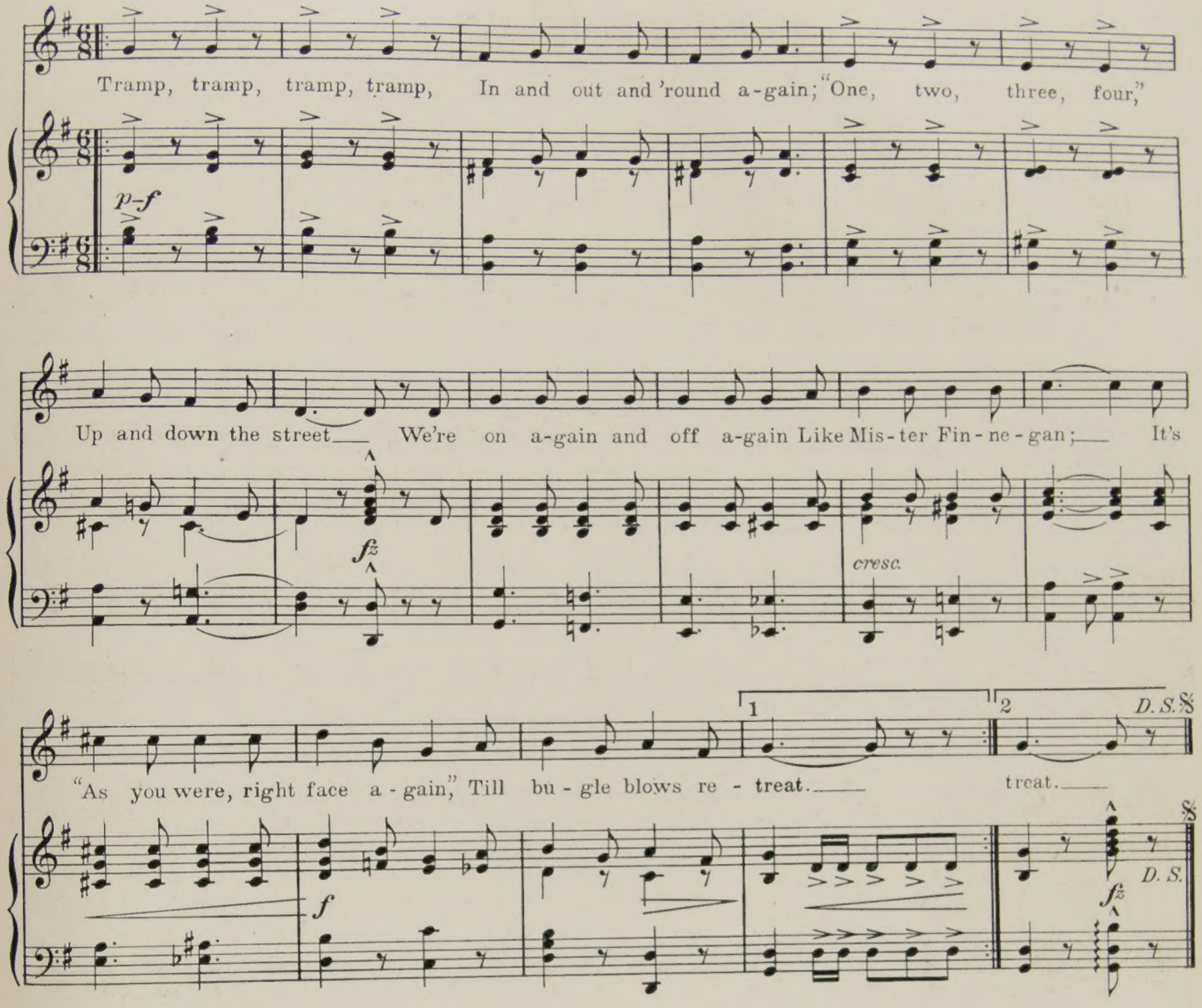
CHORUS


Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, In and out and 'round a-gain; "One, two, three, four,"
p-f
Up and down the street We're on a-gain and off a-gain Like Mis-ter Fin-ne-gan; It's
fz
cresc.
"As you were, right face a-gain," Till bu-gle blows re-treat. treat.
1
2
D.S.%
f
fz
D.S.

4

They put me in the jug last night,
It wasn't all me fault;
The Sergeant said, "Start in and march
And stop when I say 'Halt!'
I started in, I was alone,
And didn't hear a soun',
I ended up about a mile
The other side of town."

5

The Captain said, "Now, Private Flynn,
There's one thing you do fine;
You dodge the bayonets and bombs
Like veterans of the line."
"I got the practice, Sir," I said,
"In saving of my life,
And dodging pans and rolling pins
A-fighting with my wife."

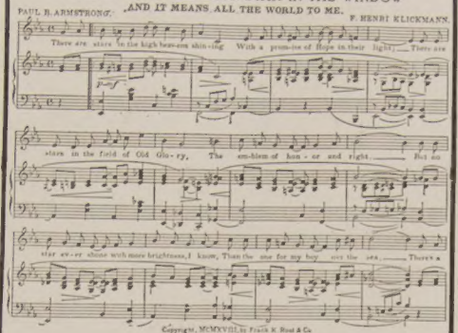
6

I had a dream the other night,
Which I will now relate;
I saw the Kaiser and St. Peter
At the Golden Gate.
Said Bill, "I have no business here,
But can't get in below;
The place is full of Prussians and
There's no place else to go."

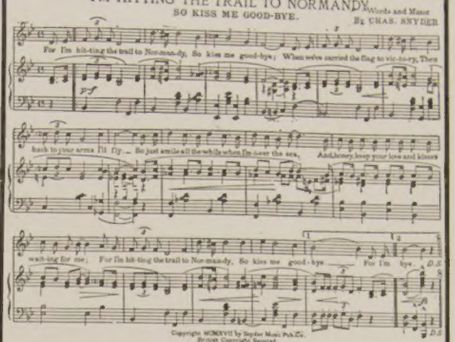
Late Patriotic Song Successes

The Popular "Service Flag" Song Hit

THERE'S A LITTLE BLUE STAR IN THE WINDOW
AND IT MEANS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.
PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

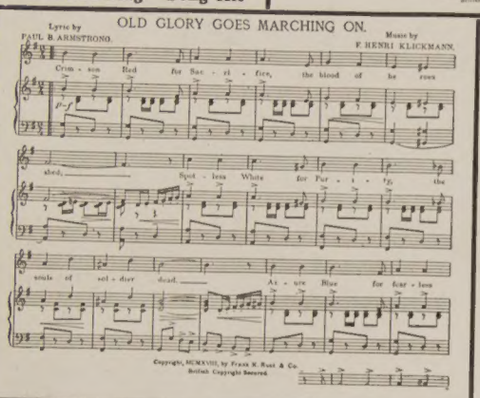


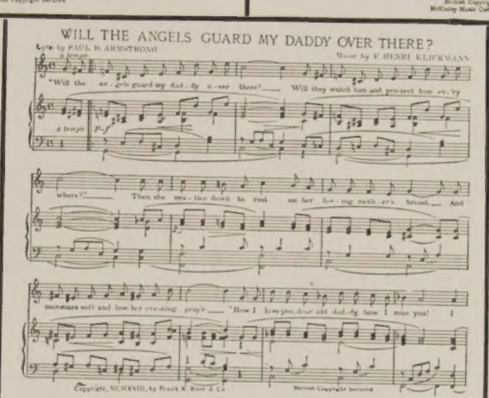
I'M HITTING THE TRAIL TO NORMANDY
SO KISS ME GOOD-BYE.
Words and Music By CHAS. SNYDER

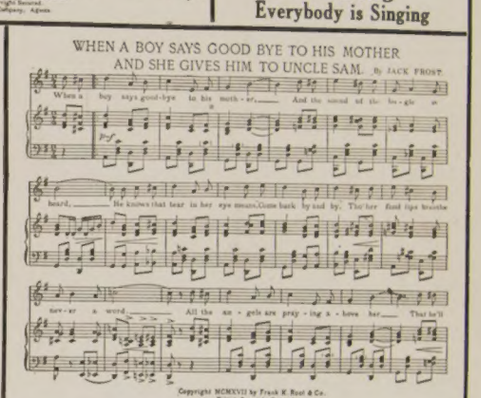


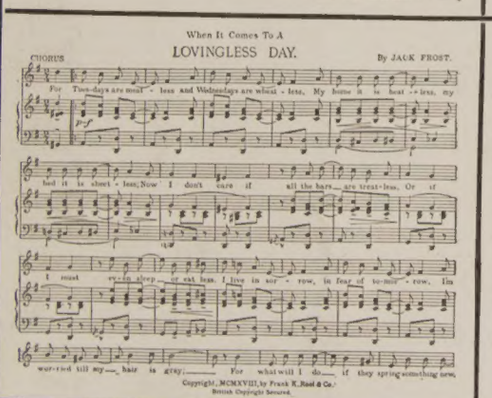
The Song Everybody is Singing

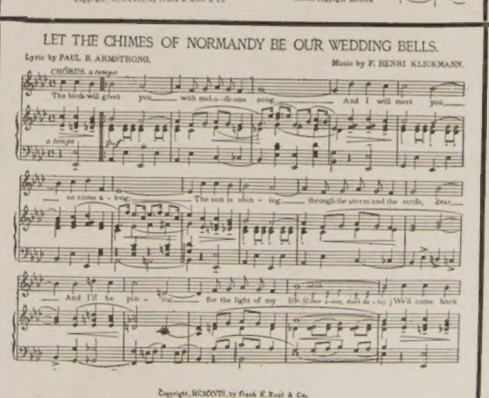
OLD GLORY GOES MARCHING ON.
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.



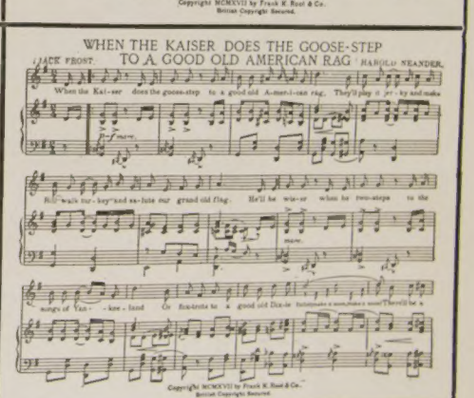
WILL THE ANGELS GUARD MY DADDY OVER THERE?
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.

WHEN A BOY SAYS GOOD BYE TO HIS MOTHER
AND SHE GIVES HIM TO UNCLE SAM. By JACK FROST.

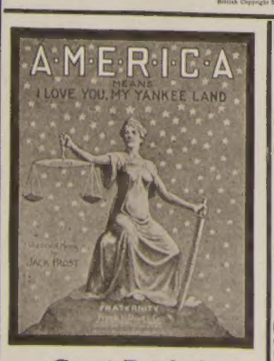


When It Comes To A
LOVINGLESS DAY.
CHORUS By JACK FROST.

LET THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY BE OUR WEDDING BELLS.
Lyric by PAUL B. ARMSTRONG. Music by F. HENRI KLICKMANN.



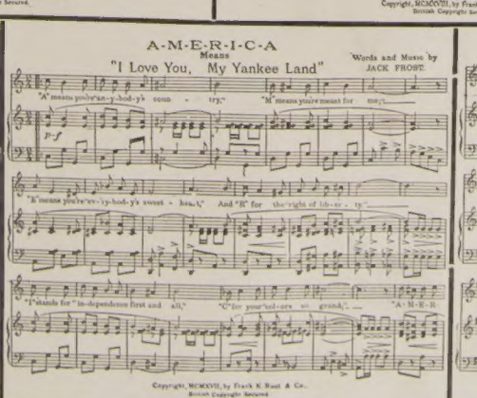
WHEN THE KAISER DOES THE GOOSE-STEP
TO A GOOD OLD AMERICAN RAG
JACK FROST. HAROLD NEANDER.



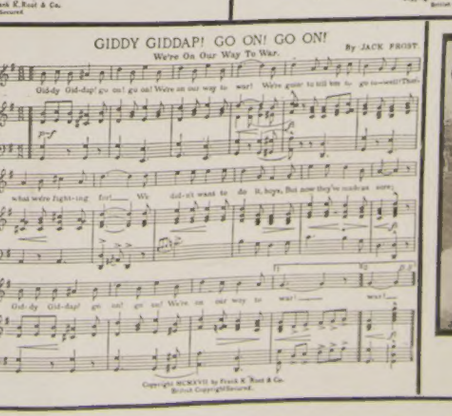


Great Patriotic March Song

A-M-E-R-I-C-A
Means
"I Love You, My Yankee Land"
Words and Music by JACK FROST.



GIDDY GIDDAP! GO ON! GO ON!
We're On Our Way To War.
By JACK FROST.



Great "Rube" War Song Hit

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